

JOHN BULL
Still

In His SENSES:

BEING THE
THIRD PART
OF

Law is a Bottomless-Pit.

*Printed from a Manuscript found in the Cabinet of
the famous Sir Humphry Polesworth : And
Publish'd, (as well as the two former Parts) by
the Author of the New Atalantis.*

L O N D O N :

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LONDON

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The Publisher's PREFACE.

THE World is much indebted to the famous Sir *Humphry Polesworth*, for his ingenious and impartial Account of *John Bull's* Law-Suit; yet there is just Cause of Complaint against him, in that he retails it only by Parcels, and won't give us the whole Work; This forces me, who am only the Publisher, to bespeak the Assistance of his Friends and Acquaintance, to engage him to lay aside that stingy Humour, and gratify the Curiosity of the Publick, at once. He pleads in excuse, that they are only private Memoirs, wrote for his own Use, in a loose Style, to serve as a help to his ordinary Conversation. I represented to him the good Reception the two first Parts had met, that tho' they had been calculated by him, only for the Meridian of *Grubstreet*, yet they were taken Notice of by the better sort; that the World was now sufficiently acquainted with *John Bull*, and interested it self in his little Concerns. He Answer'd with a Smile, that he had indeed some trifling Things to impart that concern'd *John Bull's* Relations and Domestick Affairs; if these would satisfy me, he gave me free leave to make use of them, because they would serve to make the History of the Law-Suit more intelligible. When I had look'd over the Manuscript, I found likewise some further Account of the Composition, which perhaps may not be unacceptable to such as have read the two former Parts.

CHAP. I.

The Character of John Bull's Mother.

JOHAN had a Mother, whom he Lov'd and Honour'd extremely, a Discreet, Grave, Sober Good Condition'd, Cleanly Old Gentlewoman, as ever liv'd; she was none of your Cross-grain'd termagant scolding

scolding Jades, that one had as good be hang'd as live in the House with, such as are always censuring the Conduct, and telling scandalous Stories of their Neighbours, extolling their own good Qualities, and undervaluing those of others. On the contrary, she was of a Meek Spirit, and as she was strictly Virtuous her self, so she always put the best Construction upon the Words and Actions of her Neighbours. Except where they were irreconcilable to the Rules of Honesty and Decency. She was neither one of your precise Prudes, nor one of your phantastical old Belles, that Dress themselves like Girls of Fifteen; as she neither wore a Ruff, Fore-head Cloth, nor High-crown'd Hat, so she had laid aside Feathers, Flowers, and crimp'd Ribbons in her Head-dress, Furbulow Scarfs and Hoop'd Petticoats. She scorn'd to Patch and Paint, yet she lov'd to keep her Hands and her Face Clean. Tho' she wore no flaunting lac'd Ruffles, she would not keep her self in a constant Sweat with greasy Flannel; Tho' her Hair was not stuck with Jewels, she was not ashamed of a Diamond Cross; she was not like some Ladies, hung about with Toys and Trinkets, Twister Cases, Pocket-Glasses and Essence Bottles; she us'd only a Gold Watch and an Almanack, to mark the Hours and the Holy-Days. Her Furniture was neat and genteel, well fancy'd with a *bon Goust*. As she affected not the Grandeur of a State with a Canopy, she thought there was no Offence in an Elbow Chair; she had laid aside your Carving, Gilding and Japan Work, as being too apt to gather Dirt, but she never could be prevail'd upon to part with plain Wainscot and clean Hangings. There are some Ladies that affect to smell a stink in every Thing; they are always highly perfum'd, and continually burning Frankincense in their Rooms; she was above such Affectation, yet she never would lay aside the Use of Brooms and scrubbing Brushes, and scrupl'd not to lay her Linnen in fresh Lavender; She was no less genteel in her Behaviour, well-bred without Affectation, in the due mean between one ^{of} your affected Cur-sying

sying dieces of Formality, and your Romps that have
 no regard to the common Rules of Civility. There
 are some Ladies that affect a Mighty regard for their
 Relations; *We must not Eat to Day, for my Uncle Tom,*
or my Cousin Betty dy'd this time ten Tears; Let's have
a Ball to Night, it is my Neighbour such a ones Birth-day;
 she look'd upon all this as Grimace; yet she constant-
 ly observ'd her Husband's Birth-day, her Wedding-
 day, and some few more. Tho' she was a truly good
 Woman, and had a sincere Motherly Love for her Son
John, yet there wanted not those who endeavour'd to
 create a Misunderstanding between them, and they
 had so far prevail'd with him-once, that he turn'd her
 out of Doors to his geeat Sorrow, as he found after-
 wards, for his Affairs went all at sixes and sevens. She
 was no less Judicious in the turn of her Conversation
 and Choice of her Studies, in which she far exceeded
 all her Sex; your Rakes that hate the Company of all
 sober, grave Gentlewomen, would bear hers, and she
 would by her handsome manner of proceeding sooner
 reclaim than some that were more sower and reserv'd;
 she was a zealous Preacher up of Chastity, and Con-
 jugal Fidelity in Wives, and by no means a Friend to
 the new-fangl'd Doctrine of the *Indispensible Duty of*
Cuckoldom: Tho' she advanc'd her Opinions with a
 becoming Assurance, yet she never usher'd them in,
 as some positive Creatures will do, with dogmatical
 Assertions, *This is infallible; I cannot be mistaken;*
none but a Rogue can deny it. It has been observ'd that
 such People are oftner in the Wrong than any Body;
 tho' she had a thousand good Qualities, she was not
 without her Faults, amongst which one might perhaps
 reckon too great Lenity to her Servants, to whom
 she always gave good Counsel, but often too gentle
 Correction. I thought I could not say less of *John*
Bull's Mother, because she bears a part in the following
 Transactions,

C H A P. II.

The Character of John Bull's Sister Peg, with the Quarrels that happen'd between Master and Miss, in their Childhood.

JOH^N had a Sister a poor Girl that had been starv'd at Nurse; any Body would have guess'd Miss to have been bred up under the Influence of a cruel Step-Dame, and John to be the Fondling of a tender Mother. John look'd ruddy and plump, with a pair of Cheeks like a Trumpeter; Miss look'd pale and wan, as if she had the Green-Sickness; and no wonder for John was the Darling, he had all the good Bits, was cramm'd with good Pullet, Chicken, Pig, Goose and Capon; while Miss had only a little Oatmeal and Water, or a dry Crust without Butter. John had his golden Pippens, Peaches and Nectarnes; poor Miss a Crap Apple, Sloe or Blackberry. Master lay in the best Apartment, with his Bed Chamber toward the South-Sun. Miss lodg'd in a Garret, expos'd to the North Wind, which shrevel'd her Countenance; however, this Usage tho' it stunted the poor Girl in her Growth, gave her a hardy Constitution; she had Life and Spirit in abundance, and knew when she was ill used; Now and then she would seize upon John's Commons, snatch a Leg of a Pullet, or a bit of good Beef, for which they were sure to go to Fisticuffs. Master was indeed too strong for her, but Miss would not yield in the least Point, but ev'n when Master had got her down, she would scratch and bite like a Tyger; when he gave her a Cuff on the Ear, she would prick him with her Knitting-Needle. John brought a great Chain one Day to tie her to the Bed Post, for which Affront Miss aim'd a Pen-knife at his Heart: In short, these Quarrels grew up to rooted Aversions, they gave one another Nicknames, she call'd him *Gundyguts*, and he call'd her *Lousy Peg*: Tho' the Girl was a right clever Wench as any was, and thro' her pale Looks, you might discern Spirit and Vivacity, which made her not indeed a perfect Beauty, but something that was agreeable. It was barbarous in

in Parents not to take Notice of these early Quarrels, and make them live better together, such Domestick Fewds proving afterwards the occasion of Misfortunes to them both. *Peg* had indeed some odd Humours and comical Antipathy, for which *John* would jeer her, *What think you of my Sister Peg (says he) that faints at the Sound of an Organ, and yet will dance and frisk at the Noise of a Bagpipe ? What's that to you, Gundy-guts, (quoth Peg) every Body's to chuse their own Musick.* Then *Peg* had taken a Fancy not to say her *Pater-noster*, which made People imagine strange things of her. Of the three Brothers that have made such a Clutter in the World, *Lord Peter*, *Martin* and *Jack* ; *Jack* had of late been her Inclinations ; *Lord Peter* she detested ; nor did *Martin* stand much better in her good Graces, but *Jack* had found the way to her Heart. I have often admir'd what Charms she discover'd in that awkward Booby, till I talk'd with a Person that was acquainted with the Intrigue, who gave me the following Account of it.

C H A P. III.

Jack's Charms, or the Method by which he gain'd Peg's Heart.

IN the first place, *Jack* was a very young Fellow, by much the youngest of the three Brothers, and People indeed wonder'd how such a young upstart Jack-anapes shou'd grow so pert and saucy, and take so much upon him. (2.) *Jack* brag'd of greater Abilities than other Men ; he was well gifted, as he pretended ; I need not tell you what secret Influence that has upon the Ladies. (3.) *Jack* had a most scandalous Tongue, and persuaded *Peg* that all Mankind besides himself were pox'd by that scarletfac'd Whore *Signiora Bubonia*. As for his Brother *Lord Peter*, the Tokens were evident in him. Blotches, Scabs, and the Corona : His Brother *Martin* though he was not quite so bad, had some nocturnal Pains, which his Friends pretended were only Scorbutical ; but, he was sure, proceeded from a worse Cause. By such malicious Insinuations, he had possess'd the Lady, that he was the

the only Man in the World, of a sound, pure, and untainted Constitution: Tho' there were some that stuck not to say, that *Signiora Bubonia* and *Jack* rail'd at one another, only the better to hide an Intrigue; and, that *Jack* had been found with *Signiora* under his Cloak, carrying her home in a dark stormy Night. (4.) *Jack* was a prodigious Ogler; he would Ogle you the outside of his Eye inward, and the White upward. (5.) *Jack* gave himself out for a Man of great Estate in the Fortunate Islands, of which the sole Property was vested in his Person; by this Trick he cheated abundance of poor People of small Sums, pretending to make over Plantations in the said Islands; but, when the poor Wretches came there with *Jack's* Grant, they were beat, mock'd, and turn'd out of Doors. (6.) I told you that *Peg* was whimsical, and lov'd any thing that was particular: In that way *Jack* was her Man; for he neither thought, spoke, dress'd, nor acted like other Mortals: He was for your bold Strokes; he rail'd at Fops, tho' himself the most affected in the World; instead of the common Fashion, he would visit his Mistress in a Mourning Cloak, Band, short Cuffs, and a peaked Beard. He invented a way of coming into a Room backwards, which he said shew'd more Humility, and less Affectation: where other People stood, he sat; where they sat, he stood; when he went to Court, he us'd to kick away the State, and sit down by his Prince Cheek by Choul, *Confound these States* (says he) *they are a modern Invention*; when he spoke to his Prince he always turn'd his Br — ch upon him; if he was advis'd to fast for his Health, he would eat Roast beef; if he was allow'd a more plentiful Diet, then he would be sure that Day to live upon Watergruel; he would cry at a Wedding, laugh and make Jest at a Funeral. He was no less singular in his Opinions; you would have burst your sides to hear him talk Politicks: 'All Governments (says he) is founded upon the right Distribution of Punishments; decent Executions keep the World in awe; for that Reason the Majority of Mankind : ought

ought to be hang'd every Year ; for Example, I
suppose, the Magistrate ought to pass an irreversible
Sentence upon all blue-ey'd Children from the Cra-
dle ; but that there may be some shew of Justice in
his proceeding, these Children ought to be Train'd
up, by Masters appointed for that purpose, to all
sorts of Villany, that they may deserve their Fate,
and the Execution of them may serve as an Object
of Terror to the rest of Mankind." As to the giving
of Pardons he had this singular Method, That when
these Wretches had the Ropes about their Necks, it
should be enquired, who believ'd they should be
hanged, and who not ? The first were to be Pardon'd,
the last hang'd out-right ; Such as were once par-
don'd, were never to be hang'd afterwards, for any
Crime whatsoever. He had such Skill in Physiogno-
my, that he would pronounce peremptorily upon a
Man's Face, That Fellow (says he) do what he will,
can't avoid Hanging ; he has a hanging Look. By
the same Art, he would prognosticate a Principality
to a Scoundrel. He was no less particular in the
Choice of his Studies ; they were generally bent to-
wards exploded Chimera's, the *perpetuum Mobile*, the
circular Shot, Philosopher's Stone, and silent Gun-
powder, making Chains for Flea's, Nets for Flies,
and Instruments to unravel Cobwebs, and split Hairs.
Thus, I think, I have given you a distinct Account of
the Methods he practis'd upon Peg, Her Brother would
now and then ask her, ' What a Devil dost thou see
' in that pragmatistical Coxcomb, to make thee so in-
' Love with him ? He is a fit Match for a Tailor or a
' Shoemaker's Daughter, but not for you that are a
' Gentlewoman. Fancy is free (quoth Peg) I'll take
' my awn way, do you take yours : I do no care for
' your flaunting Beaus, that gang with their Breasts
' open, and their Sarkes over their Waistcoats, that
' accost me with set Speeches out of *Sidney's Arcadia*,
' or, *The Academy of Compliments*. Jack is a sober grave
' Youngman ; tho' he has none of your study'd Ha-
' rangues, his Meaning is sincere : He has a great Re-
' gard

‘gard to his Father’s Will; and he that shews himself
 ‘a good Son, will make a good Husband; besides, I
 ‘know he has the Original Deed of Conveyance to
 ‘the Fortunate Islands; the others are Counterfeits.”
 There is nothing so obstinate as young Ladies in their
 Amours; the more you Cross them, the Worse they
 are.

C H A P. IV.

*How the Relations reconcil’d John and his Sister Peg, and
 what return Peg made to John’s Message.*

JOHN BULL, otherwise a good natur’d Man,
 was very hard-hearted to his Sister Peg, chiefly
 from an Aversion he had conceived in his Infancy.
 While he flourish’d, kept a warm House, and drove a
 plentiful Trade, poor Peg was forc’d to go hawking
 and pedling about the Streets, selling Knives, Scissars
 and Shoe-buckles; now and then carry’d a Basket of
 Fish to the Market; sow’d, spun and knit for a poor
 Livelihood, till her Fingers-end were sore; and when
 she could not get Bread for her Family, she was forc’d
 to hire ’em out at Journey-work to her Neighbours;
 Yet in these her poor Circumstances, she still preserv’d
 the Air and Mien of a Gentlewoman; a certain decent
 Pride, that extorted Respect from the haughtiest of
 her Neighbours; when she came into any full Assem-
 bly, she would not yield the *pas* to the best of them.
 If one ask’d her, Are not you related to John Bull?
 Yes (says she) he has the Honour to be my Brother.
 So Peg’s Affairs went, till all the Relations cry’d out
 shame upon John, for his barbarous Usage of his own
 Flesh and Blood; that it was an easie matter for him
 to put her in a credible way of living, not only with-
 out Hurt, but with Advantage to himself, being she
 was an industrious Person, and might be serviceable
 to him in his way of Business. Hang her, Jade, (quoth
 John) I can’t endure her, as long as she keeps that
 Rascal Jack’s Company. They told him, the way to
 reclaim her was to take her into his House; that by
 Conversation, the childish Humours of their younger
 days might be worn out. These Arguments were en-
 forc’d

forc'd by a certain Incident. It happen'd that *John* was at that time about making his Will, and entailing his Estate, the very same in which *Nic. Frog* is nam'd Executor. Now his Sister *Peg*'s Name being in the Entail, he could not make a thorough Settlement without her Consent. There was indeed a malicious Story went about as if *John*'s last Wife had fall'n in love with *Jack*, as he was eating Custard a Horseback; that she perswaded *John* to take his Sister *Peg* into the House the better to drive on her Intrigue with *Jack*, concluding he would follow his Mistress *Peg*. All I can infer from this Story is, that when one has got a bad Character in the World, People will report and believe any thing of them, true or false. But to return to my Story; when *Peg* receiv'd *John*'s Message, she huff'd and storm'd like the Devil: 'My Brother
' *John* (quoth she) is grown wondrous kind hearted
' all of a suddain, but I meikle doubt, whether it be
' not mair for his awn Conveniency than my good; he
' draws up his Weits and his Deeds forsooth, and I
' mun set my Hand to them, unsight unseen. I like
' the young Man he has settled upon well enough, but
' I think I ought to have a valuable Consideration
' for my Consent: He wants my poor little Farm,
' because it makes a Nook in his Park Wall; ye may
' e'en tell him, he has mair than he makes good use
' of; he gangs up and down drinking, roaring and
' quarrelling through all the Countrey Merkats ma-
' king foolish Bargins in his Cups, which he repents
' when he is sober; like a thriftless Wretch, spending
' the Goods and Gear that his Fore-Fathers won with
' the Sweat of their Brows; light come, light go he
' cares not a Farthing: But why should I stand Surety
' for his silly contracts? the little I have is free, and
' I can call it my own; Hame's hame be it never so
' hamely; I ken him well enough, he could never a-
' bide me, and when he has his ends he'll e'en use me
' as he did before; I'm sure I shall be treated like a
' poor Drudge; I shall be set to tend the Bairns, darn
' the Hose, and mend the Linnen, Then there's no
' living

' living with that auld Carline his Mother, she rails
 ' at Jack and Jack's an honest man than any of her
 ' Kin: I shall be plagu'd with her Spells and her *Pater-
 ' nosters* and silly auld world Ceremonies: I mun ne-
 ' ver pair my Nails on a Friday, nor begin a Journey
 ' on *Childermas day*, and I mun stand becking and bin-
 ' ging as I gang out and into the Hall: Tell him he
 ' may e'en gan his get, I'll have nothing to do with
 ' him, I'll stay like the poor Country Mouse, in my
 ' own Habitation'. So Peg talkt; but for all that,
 by the Interposition of good Friends, and by many a
 bonny thing that were sent and many more that were
 promis'd Peg, the matter was concluded, and Peg ta-
 ken into the House upon certain Articles; one of
 which was, That she might have the Freedom of Jack's
 Conversation, and might take him for Better and for
 Worse, if she pleas'd; provide^d always, he did not
 come into the House at unseasonable Hours, and di-
 sturb the Rest of the Old Woman, John's Mother.

C H A P. V.

*Of some Quarrels that happen'd after Peg was taken into
the Family.*

IT is an old Observation, that the Quarrels of Rela-
 tions are harder to reconcile than any other; Inju-
 ries from Friends fret and gall more and the Memo-
 ry of them is not so easily obliterated: This is cunning-
 ly represented by one of your old Sages, called *Æsop*, in
 the Story of the Bird, that was griev'd extremely,
 for being wounded with an Arrow feather'd with his
 own Wing; as also of the Oak that let many a heavy
 Groan, when he was cleft with a Wedge of his own
 Timber, There was no Man in the World less sub-
 ject to Rancour than *John Bull*, considering how often
 his good Nature had been Abus'd; yet I don't know,
 but he was too apt to hearken to tatling People, that
 carried Tales between him and his Sister Peg, on pur-
 pose to sow Jealousies, and set them together by the
 Ears: They say that there were some Hardships put
 upon Peg, that had been better let alone; but it was
 the Business of good People to restrain the Injuries on
 one

one side, and moderate the Resentments on the other ; a good Friend acts both parts, the one without the other will not do. The Purchase-Money of Peg's Farm was ill paid ; then Peg lov'd a little good Liquor, and the Servants shut up the Wine-Cellar, but for that Peg found a Trick, for she made a false Key ; Peg's Servants complain'd that they were debar'd from all manner of Business, and never suffer'd to touch the least thing within the House ; if they offered to come into the Warehouse, then strait went the Yard slap over their Noddle ; if they ventur'd into the Counting-Room, a Fellow would throw an Ink bottle at their Head ; if they came into the best Apartment, to set any thing there in order, they were saluted with a Broom ; if they meddl'd with any thing in the Kitchen, it was odds but the Cook laid them over the Pate with a Ladle ; one that would have got into the Stables, was met by two Rascals, who fell to work with him with a Brush and a Curry-comb ; some climbing up into the Coach box, were told, that one of their Companions had been there before that could not drive, then slap went the long Whip about their Ears : On the other Hand it was complain'd, that Peg's Servants were always asking for Drink-Money, that they had more than their share of the *Christmas-box* ; to say the Truth, Peg's Lads buff'd pretty hard for that, for when they were endeavouring to Lock it up, they got in their great Fists, and pull'd out Handfuls of Half-Crowns, some Shillings and Six-pences, others in the Scramble pick'd up Guineas and Broad-pieces. But there happen'd a worse thing than all this, it was complain'd that Peg's Servants had great Stomachs, and brought too many of their Friends and Acquaintance to the Table ; that John's Family was like to be Eat out of House and Home. Instead of regulating this Matter as it ought to be, Peg's young Men were thrust away from the Table ; then there was the Devil and all to do, Spoons, Plates and Dishes, flew about the Room like mad, and Sir Roger, who was now *Major Domo*, had enough to do to quiet them. Peg said this

was

was contrary to Agreement, whereby she was in all things to be treated like a Child of the Family; then she call'd upon those that had made her such fair Promises, and undertook for her Brother *John's* good Behaviour; but alas! to her Cost, she found that they were the first, and readiest to do her the Injury. *John* at last agreed to this Regulation, that *Peg's* Footmen might sit with his Book-keeper, Journey-men and Apprentices; and *Peg's* better sort of Servants might sit with his Footmen, if they pleas'd.

Then they began to order-Plumb Porridge and Minc'd Pies for *Peg's* Dinner: *Peg* told them she had an Aversion to that sort of Food; that upon forcing down a Mefs of it some Years ago, it threw her into a Fit, 'till she brought it up again: Some allעדg'd it was nothing but Humour, that the same Mefs should be serv'd up again for Supper, and Breakfast next Morning; others would have made use of a Horn, but the Wiser sort bid let her alone, and she might take to it of her own Accord.

C H A P. VI.

The Conversation between John Bull and his Wife.

Mrs. Bull. **T**H O' our Affairs, Honey, are in a bad Condition. I have a better Opinion of them since you seem to be convinc'd of the ill Course you have been in, and are resolv'd to submit to proper Remedies. But when I consider your immense Deb's your foolish Bargains and the general Disorder of your Business, I have a Curiosity to know what Fate or Chance has brought you into this Condition.

J. Bull. I wish you would talk of some other Subject, the Thoughts of it make me mad, our Family must have their run.

Mrs. Bull. But such a strange thing as this, never happen'd to any of your Family before; they have had Law Suits, but tho' they spent the Income, they never Mortgag'd the Stock: Sure you must have some of the *Norman* or the *Norfolk* Blood in you; prithee give me some Account of these Matters.

J. Bull

J. Bull. Who could help it? There lives not such a Fellow by Bread, as that Old *Lewis Baboon*, it is the cheatingest, contentious Rogue, upon the Face of the Earth. You must know, one Day as *Nic. Frog* and I were over a Bottle making up an old Quarrel, the old Knave would needs have us drink a Bottle of his *Champaigne*, and so one after another, till my Friend *Nic.* and I, not being used to such heady Stuff got bloody Drunk. *Lewis* all the while, either by the Strength of his Brain, or Flinching his Glass, kept himself sober as a Judge. My worthy Friends (quoth *Lewis*) henceforth let us live Neighbourly, I am as peaceable and quiet as a Lamb, of my own Temper, but it has been my Misfortune to live among quarrelsome Neighbours. There is but one thing can make us fall out, and that is the Inheritance of Lord *Strutt's* Estate; I am content, for Peace sake to wave my Right, and submit to any Expedient to prevent a Law-Suit; I think an equal Division will be the fairest way. Well mov'd Old *Lewis* (quoth *Frog*) and I hope my Friend *John* here will not be Refractory. At the same time he clap'd me on the Back, and slapper'd me all over from Cheek to Cheek, with his great Tongue. Do as you please, Gentlemen (quoth I) 'tis all one to *John Bull*. We agreed to part that Night, and next Morning to meet at the Corner of Lord *Strutt's* Park Wall, with our surveying Instruments, which accordingly we did. Old *Lewis* carried a Chain and a Semicircle, *Nic* Paper, Rulers and a Lead Pencil, and I follow'd at some distance with a long Pole. We began first with surveying the Meadow-Grounds, afterwards we measur'd the Corn Fields Close by Close, then we proceeded to the Wood-Lands, the Copper and Tin Mines. All this while *Nic.* laid down every thing exactly upon Paper, calculated the Acres and Roods to a great Nicety. When we had finish'd the Land, we were going to break into the House and Gardens, to take an Inventory of his Plate, Pictures, and other Furniture.

Mrs. Bull. What said Lord *Strutt* to all this?

B

J. Bull.

3. Bull. As we had almost finish'd our Concern, we were accosted by some of Lord Strutt's Servants :
' Hey day, what's here ? What a Devils the meaning of all these Trangams and Gimcracks, Gentlemen ? What, in the name of Wonder, are you going about, jumping over my Master's Hedges, and running your Lines cross his Grounds ? If you are at any Field-Pastime, you might have ask'd leave, my Master is a civil well-bred Person as any is.

Mrs. Bull. What could you Answer to this ?

3. Bull. Why truly my Neighbour Frog and I were still hot-headed ; we told him his Master was an Old doating Puppy that minded nothing of his own Business ; that we were Surveying his Estate, and settling it for him, since he would not do it himself. Upon this there happen'd a Qurrrel but we being stronger than they, sent them away with a Flea in their Ear. They went home, and told their Master, ' My Lord (say they) there are three odd sort of Fellows going about your Grounds, with the strangest Machines that ever we beheld in our Life ; I suppose they are going to Rob your Orchard, fell your Trees, or drive away your Cattle ; they told us strange things of settling your Estate : One is a lusty old Fellow, in a black Wig, with a black Beard, without Teeth ; there's another thick Squat Fellow in Trunk-Hose ; the third is a little long Nos'd, thin Man. (I was then Lean, being just come out of a fit of Sicknes.) I suppose it is fit to send after them, lest they carry something away.

Mrs. Bull. I fancy this put the Old Fellow in a rare Twéag.

John Bull. Weak as he was, he call'd for his long Toledo. Swore and bounc'd about the Room, ' Sdeath ! what am I come to, to be Affronted so by my Tradesmen ? I know the Rascals ! my Barber, Clothier and Linnen-Draper, dispose of my Estate ! bring hither my Blunderbuss. I'll warrant ye you shall see Daylight through them. Scoundrels ! Dogs ! the Scum of the Earth ! Frog, that was my Fathers Kitchen-boy, he pretend to meddle with my Estate ! with my Will ! Ah poor Strutt, what art thou come to at last, thou hast liv'd too long in the World, to see thy Age
' and

and Infirmary so despis'd? How will the Ghosts of my noble Ancestors receive these Tidings? They cannot, must not sleep quietly in their Graves. In short, the Old Gentleman was carried off in a Fainting Fit, and after bleeding in both Arms hardly recover'd.

Mrs. Bull. Really this was a very extraordinary way of Proceeding: I long to hear the rest of it.

J. Bull. After we had come back to the Tavern, and taken t'other Bottle of *Champaigne*, we quarrell'd a little about the Division of the Estate; *Lewis* hall'd and pull'd the Map on one side, and *Frog* and I on t'other, till we had like to have tore the Parchment to pieces. At last *Lewis* pull'd out a pair of great Taylor's Shears, and clip'd off a Corner for himself, which he said was a Mannor that lay convenient for him, and left *Frog* and me the rest to dispose of, as we pleas'd. We were over-joy'd, to think *Lewis* was contented with so little, not smelling what was at the bottom of the Plot. There happen'd, indeed, an Incident, that gave us some Disturbance; A Cunning Fellow, one of my Servants, two Days after, peeping through the Key-hole, observ'd that Old *Lewis* had stole away our part of the Map, and saw him fiddling and turning the Map from one Corner to the other, trying to join the two pieces together again: He was muttering something to himself, which he did not well hear, only these Words, 'Tis great Pity, 'tis great Pity! My Servant added, that he believ'd this had some ill-meaning; I told him he was a Coxcomb, always pretending to be Wiser than his Companions; *Lewis* and I are good Friends, he's an honest Fellow, and, I dare say, will stand to his Bargain. The Sequel of the Story prov'd this Fellow's Suspicion to be too well-grounded; for *Lewis* reveal'd our whole Secret to the Deceas'd Lord *Strutt*, who, in Reward to his Treachery, and Revenge to *Frog* and me, settled his whole Estate upon the present *Philip Baboon*: Then we understood what he meant by piecing the Map together.

Mrs. Bull. And was you surpris'd at this? Had not Lord *Strutt* reason to be Angry? Would you have been contented so have been so us'd your self?

J. Bull

J. Bull. Why, truly Wife, it was not easily reconciled to the common Methods, but then it was the Fashion to do such things: I have read of your Golden Age, your Silver Age, &c. one might justly call this the Age of the Lawyers. There was hardly a Man of Substance in all the Country, but had a Counterfeit that pretended to his Estate: As the Philosophers say, that there is a Duplicate of every Terrestrial Animal at Sea, so it was in this Age of the Lawyers, there was at least two of every thing; nay, o' my Conscience, I think there were three Esquire *Hackums* at one time. *Lewis Baboon* entertain'd a Fellow that call'd himself *John Bull's* Heir; I knew him no more than the Child unborn, yet he brought me into some Trouble and Expence. There was another that pretended to be *Elq, South*; and two Lord *Strutts*, you know, In short, it was usual for a parcel of Fellows to meet, and dispose of the whole Estates in the Country: *This lies convenient for me, Tom; Thou would do more good with that Dick, than the Old Fellow that has it.* So to Law they went with the true Owners; the Lawyers got well by it, every Body else was undone. It was a common thing for an honest Man, when he came Home at Night, to find another Fellow domineering in his Family, hectoring his Servants, calling for Supper, and pretending to go to Bed to his Wife. In every House you might observe two *Sofia's* quarrelling who was Master: For my own part, I am still afraid of the same Treatment, that I should find some Body behind my Counter selling my Broad Cloath.

Mrs Bull. There are a sort of Fellows that they call Banterers, and Bambouzlers, that play such Tricks; but, it seems, these Fellows were in earnest.

J. Bull. I begin to think that Justice is a better Rule than Conveniency, for all some People make so flight on't.

C H A P. VII.

Of the hard Shifts Mrs. Bull was put to, to preserve the Mannor of Bullock's Hatch; with Sir Roger's Method to keep off importunate Duns.

AS *John Bull* and his Wife were talking together, they were surpriz'd with a sudden knocking at the

the Door, *those wicked Scriveners and Lawyers* no doubt (quoth *John*) and so it was, some asking for the Money he ow'd, and others warning to prepare for the approaching Term: *What a cursed Life do I lead* quoth *John*? *Debt is like deadly Sin; for God-sake, Sir Roger, get me rid of these Fellows.* I'll warrant you (quoth Sir Roger) leave them to me. And in deed it was pleasant enough to observe Sir Roger's Method with these importunate Duns; his sincere Friendship for *John Bull*, made him submit to many things, for his Service, which he would have scorn'd to have done for himself. Sometimes he would stand at the Door with his long Poll to keep off the Duns, 'till *John* got out at the Back-Door. When the Lawyers and Tradesmen brought extravagant Bills, Sir Roger us'd to bargain before hand, for leave to cut off a quarter of a Yard in any part of the Bill he pleased; he wore a pair of Scissars in his Pocket for this purpose, and would snip it off so nicely, as you cannot imagine; like a true Goldsmith he kept all your Holydays; there was not one wanting in his Calendar; when ready Money was scarce, he would set them a telling a thousand Pounds and Six-pences, Groats, and Three penny Pieces: It would have done your Heart good to have seen him charge thro' an Army of Lawyers, Attorney's, Clerks and Tradesmen; sometimes with Sword in Hand, at other times nuzling like an Eel in the Mud: When a Fellow stuck like a Bur, that there was no shaking him off, he us'd to be a mighty inquisitive about the Health of his Uncles and Aunts in the Country; he could call them all by their Names, for he knew every Body, and could talk to them in their own way. The extremely Impertinent he would send away to see some strange Sight, as the Dragon at *Hockley the Hole*; or bid him call the 30th of next *February*. Now and then you would see him in the Kitchen, weighing the Beef and Butter, paying ready Money, that the Maids might not run a-tick at the Market; and the Butchers, by bribing of them, sell Damag'd and Light Meat. Another time he would slip into the Cellar, and gage the Casks: In his leisure Minutes he

was posting his Books, and gathering in his Debts; such frugal Methods were necessary where Money was so scarce, and Duns so numerous. All this while John kept his Credit, could shew his Head both at *Change* and *Westminster-Hall*; no Man protested his Bill, nor refus'd his Bond, only the Sharpers and the Scriveners; the Lawyers and other Clerks pelted Sir Roger as he went along. The Squirters were at it with their *Kennel-Water*, for they were mad for the loss of their *Bubble*, and that they could not get him to Mortgage the Mannor of *Bullocks Hatch*. Sir Roger shook his Ears and nuzled along, well-satisfied within himself that he was doing a charitable Work, in rescuing an honest Man from the Claws of *Harpies* and *Blood-suckers*. Mrs. Bull did all that an affectionate Wife, and a good Housewife, could do; yet the Boundaries of Virtues are indivisible Lines, it is impossible to march up close to the Frontiers of Frugality, without entering the Territories of Parsimony. Your good Housewives, are apt to look into the minuteft Things; Therefore some blam'd Mrs. Bull for new heel-piecing her Shoes, grudging a quarter of a Pound of Soap and Sand to scoure the Rooms, but especially, that she would not allow her Maids and Apprentices the Benefit of *John Bunyan*, the *London-Apprentice*, or the *Seven-Champions*, in the *Black Letter*.

CHAP. VIII,

A Continuation of the Conversation betwixt John Bull and his Wife.

Mrs. Bull, **I**T is a most sad Life we lead, my Dear to be so teaz'd paying Interest for Old Debts, and still contrasting new Ones. However I don't blame you for vindicating your Honour, and chastizing old *Lewis*; to curb the Insolent, protest the Opprest, recover ones own, and defend what one has, are good Effects of the Law: The only thing I want to know is how you came to make an End of your Money before you finish'd your Law Suit.

John Bull, I was told by the Learned in the Law, that my Suit stood upon three firm Pillars: More Money for more Law, more Law for more Money, and no

Composition. More Money for more Law was plain Demonstration, for who can go to Law without Money? and it was as plain, that any Man that has Money, may have Law for it. The third was as Evident as the other two; for what Composition could be made with a Rogue that never kept a Word he said?

Mrs. Bull. I think you are most likely to get out of this Labyrinth by the second Door, by want of ready Money to purchase this precious Commodity: But you seem not only to have bought too much of it, but have paid too dear for what you have bought; else how was it possible to run so much in Debt, when, at this very time the yearly Income of what is Mortgag'd to those Usurers would discharge *Hocus's* Bills, and give you your Belly full of Law, for all your Life, without running one Six Pence in Debt? You have been bred up to Business; I suppose you can Cypher, I wonder you never us'd your Pen and Ink.

J. Bull. Now you urge me too far; prithee, dear Wife, hold thy Tongue. Suppose a young Heir, heedless, raw, and unexperienc'd, full of Spirit and Vigour, with a favourite Passion, in the Hands of Money Scriveners: Such Fellows are like your Wire drawing Mills, if they get hold of a Man's Finger, they will pull in his whole Body at last, till they squeeze the Heart, Blood and Guts out of him. When I wanted Money, half a dozen of these Fellows were always waiting in my Antichamber, with their Securities ready drawn. I was tempted with the Ready, some Farm or other went to Pot. I receiv'd with one Hand, and paid it away with the other, to Lawyers; that, like so many Hell hounds, were ready to devour me. Then the Rogues would plead Poverty, and Scarcity of Money, that always ended in receiving Ninety for the Hundred. After they had got Possession of my best Rents, they were able to supply me with my own Money. But what was worse, when I look'd into the Securities, there was no Clause of Redemption.

Mrs. Bull. No Clause of Redemption, say you; that's hard!

John

John Bull. No great matter, for I cannot pay them. They had got a worie Trick than that; the same Man bought and Sold to himself, paid the Mony, and gave the Acquittance: The same Man was Butcher and Grafter, Brewer and Butler, Cook and Poulterer. There is something still worse than all this; there came twenty Bills upon me at once, which I had given Mony to discharge; I was like to be pull'd to Pieces, by Brewer, Butcher, and Baker, even my Herb-Woman dun'd me as I went along the Streets (thanks to my Friend Sir Roger, else I must have gone to Goal). When I ask'd the meaning of this, I was told, the Mony went to the Lawyers; Counsel won't tick. Sir; *Hocus* was urging; my Book-keeper sat Sotting all Day, playing at Rutt, and All-fours: In short, by griping Usurers, devouring Lawyers, and negligent Servants, I am brought to this pass.

Mrs. Bull. This was hard usage! but methinks, the least reflection might have retriev'd you.

J. Bull. 'Tis true, yet consider my Circumstances, my Honour was engag'd, and I did not know how to get out; besides, I was for Five Years often Drunk, always muddled, they carried me from Tavern to Tavern, to Ale-houses and Brandy-shops, brought me acquainted with such strange Dogs: *There goes the prittiest Fellow in the World* (says one) *for managing a Jury, make him yours. There's another can pick you up Witnesses. Serjeant such a one has a Silver Tongue at the Bar.* I believe, in time I should have retain'd every single Person within the Inns of Court. The Night after a Trial, I treated the Lawyers, their Wives and Daughters, with Fiddles, Hautboys, Drums and Trumpets. I was always hot-headed; then they plac'd me in the middle, the Attorneys and their Clerks dancing about me, hooping and hallowing, *Long live John Bull, the Glory and Supports of the Law!*

Mrs. Bull. Really, Husband, you went through a very notable Course.

John Bull. One of the things that first alarm'd me was, that they shew'd a Spite against my poor Old Mother; 'Lord (quoth I) what makes you so Jealous of

of a poor, old, innocent Gentlewoman, that minds
only her Prayers, and her Practice of Piety, she
never meddles in any of your Concerns? Foh (say
they) to see a handsome brisk, genteel young Fel-
low, so much govern'd by a doating old Woman;
why don't yo and suck the Bubby? Do you consider
she keeps you of a good Jointure? she has the best of
your Estate settled upon her for Rent-Charge: Hang
her, old Thief, turn her out of Doors, seize her Lands,
and let her go to Law if she dares. Soft and fair,
Gentlemen (quoth I) my Mother's my Mother, our
Family are not of an unnatural Temper. Tho I
don't take all her Advice, I won't seize her Jointure;
long may she enjoy it, good Woman, I don't grudge
it her: She allows me now and then a Brace of Hun-
dreds for my Law-Suit; that's pretty fair. About
this time the old Gentlewoman fell ill of an odd sort
of a Distemper; it began with a Coldness and Numb-
ness in her Limbs, which by degrees affected the Nerves
(I think the Physicians call them) seiz'd the Brain,
and at last ended in a Lethargy. It betray'd it self
at first in a sort of Indifference and Carelessness in all
her Actions, Coldness to her best Friends, and an A-
version to stir or go about the common Offices of Life.
She that was the cleanliest Creature in the World, ne-
ver shrunk now if you set a Close-stool under her Nose.
She that would sometimes rattle off her Servants pretty
sharply, now if she saw them drink, or heard them talk
profanely, never took any notice of it. Instead of her
usual Charities to deserving Persons, she threw away
her Money upon roaring swearing Bullies, and randy
Beggars, that went about the Streets. *What is the mat-
ter with the old Gentlewoman* (said every Body) *she never*
us'd to do in this manner? At last the Distemper grew
more violent, and threw her downright into raving
Fits; in which she shriek'd out so loud, that she d
start'd the whole Neighbourhood. In her Fits s
call'd out upon one Sir William: Oh! Sir William,
thou hast betray'd me! kill'd me! stabb'd me! sold me to
Cuckold of Dover! See, see, Clum with his bloody Knife!
seize him, seize him, stop him! Behold the the Fury, r

ber kissing Snakes ! Where's my Son John ! is he well ! is he well ! poor Man, I pity him ! And abundance of such strange Stuff, that no Body could make any thing of. I knew little of the Matter, for when I enquir'd about her Health, the Answer was, that *she was in a good moderate way.* Physicians were sent for in haste ; Sir Roger, with great difficulty, brought R——ff ; G——th came upon the first Message. There were several others call'd in ; but, as usual upon such Occasions, they differ'd strangely at the Consultation. At last they divided into two Parties, one sided with G——th, and the other with R——ff. Dr. G——th. *This Case seems to me to be plainly Hysterical ; the Old Woman is Whimsical ; it is a common thing for your Old Women to be so : I'll pawn my Life, Blisters with the Steel Diet, will recover her.* Others suggested strong Purging and Letting of Blood because she was Plethorick. Some went so far as to say the Old Woman was mad, and nothing would do better than a little Corporal Correction. R——ff. *Gentlemen, you are mistaken in this Case, it is plainly an acute Distemper, and she cannot hold out three Days, without she is supported with strong Cordials.* I came into the Room with a good deal of Concern, and ask'd them what they thought of my Mother ? *In no manner of Danger, I vow to God (quoth G——th) the Old Woman is Hysterical, Fanciful, Sir, I vow to God. I tell you, Sir (says R——ff) she can't live three Days to an end, unless there is some very effectual Course taken with her, she has a Malignant Fever.* Then Fool, Puppy, and Block-head, was the best Words they gave. I could hardly restrain them from throwing the Ink-Bottles at one another's Heads. I forgot to tell you, that one Party of the Physicians desir'd I would take my Sister Peg into the House to Nurse her, but the Old Gentlewoman would not hear of that. At last one Physician ask'd if the Lady had ever been us'd to take *Laudanum* ; her Maid answer'd, not that she knew ; that indeed there was a *High German Livery-Man* of hers, one *Van Ptschinskoker*, that gave her a sort of a Quack Powder. The Physician desir'd to see it ; *Nay, says he, there is Opium in this, I am sure.*

Mrs.

Mrs. Bull. I hope you examin'd a little into this Matter.

John Bull. I did indeed, and discover'd a great Mystery of Iniquity. The Witnesses made Oath, That they had heard some of the Livery-men frequently railing at their Mistress. ' They said, She was a troublesome fiddle faddle old Woman, and so ceremonious that there was no bearing of her. They were so plagu'd with bowing and cringing as they went in and out of the Room, that their Backs ach'd; she us'd to scold at one for his dirty Shoes, at another for his greasie Hair, and not combing his Head: Then she was so passionate and fiery in her Temper, that there was no living with her; she wanted something to sweeten her Blood; that they never had a quiet Night's rest, for getting up in the Morning to early Sacraments; that they wish'd they could find some way or another to keep the old Woman quiet in her Bed. Such Discourses were often overheard among the Livery-men, that the said Van Ptschirnlooker had undertook this Matter. A Maid made Affidavit, ' That she had seen the said Van Ptschirnlooker one of the Livery-Men, frequently making up of Medicines and administering them to all the Neighbours; that she saw him one Morning make up the Powder which her Mistress took; that she had the Curiosity to ask him whence he had the Ingredients? They come (says he) from several Parts of de World; dis I have from Geneva, dat from Rome, this White Powder from Amsterdam, and the Red from Edinburgh; but the chief Ingredient of all comes from Turkey. It was likewise proved, that the said Van Ptschirnlooker had been frequently seen at the Rose with Jack, who was known to bear an inveterate Spite to his Mistress; That he brought certain Powder to his Mistress, which the Examiner believes to be the same, and spoke the following Words: *Madam, here is grand Secret van de Warld; my sweetenig Powder, it does temperate de Humour, despel de Wind, and cure de Vapour; it lulleth and quieteth de Animal Spirits, procuring Rest, and pleasant Dreams: It is the infallible Receipt for de Scurvy, all Heass in de Blood, and Br. a*

ing out upon de Skin; It is de true Blood Stancher, stopping all Fluxes of de Blood. If you do take dis, you will never ail any ding; it will Cure you of all Diseases: And abundance more to this purpose, which the Examinant does not remember.

John Bull was interrupted in his Story by a Porter, that brought him a Letter from Nicholas Frog, which is as follows.

C H A P. IX.

A Copy of Nic. Frog's Letter to John Bull.

Friend John.

[John Bull Reads] **W**Hat scbellum is it that makes thee jealous of thy old Friend Nicholas? Hast thou forgot how some Tears ago he took thee out of the Spunging House? ['Tis true, my Friend Nic. did so, and I thank him; but he made me pay a swining Reck'ning.] Thou begins now to repent the Bargain that thou wast so fond of; and, if thou durst, wouldst forswear thy own Hand and Seal. Thou sayst, that thou hast purchas'd me too great an Estate already; when at the same time thou knowest I have only a Mortgage: 'Tis true, I have Possession, and the Tenants own me for Master; but, has not Esquire South the Equity of Redemption? [No doubt, and will redeem it very speedily; poor Nic. has only Possession, eleven Points of the Law] As for the Turnpikes I have set up, they are for other People not for my Friend John: I have order'd my Servant constantly to attend to let thy Carriages through without paying any thing; only I hope thou wilt not come too heavy laden to spoil my Ways. Certainly I have just Cause of Offence against thee my Friend, for supposing it possible that thou and I should ever quarrel: What Hounsfoot is it that puts these Whims in thy Head? Ten Thousand Laſt of Devils baul me if I don't love thee as I love my Life. [No question, as the Devil loves Holy-Water!] Does not thy own Hand and Seal oblige thee to purchase for me, till I say it is enough? Are not these Words plain. I say it is not enough. Dost thou think thy Friend Nicholas Frog made a Child's Bargain? Mark the Words of thy Contract, tota pecunia, with all thy Money. [Very well! I have purchas'd with my own Money, my Childrens, and my Grand childrens Money, is not that enough? Well

tota pecunia let it be, for at present I have none at all: He would not have me purchase with other Peoples Money sure, since *tota pecunia* is the Bargain; I think it is plain, no more Money, no more Purchase.] And whatever the World may say, Nicholas Frig is but a poor Man in comparison of the rich, the opulent John Bull great Clothier of the World. I have had many Losses, six of my best Sheep were drown'd, and the Water has come into my Cellar, and spoil'd a Pipe of my best Brandy: It would be a more friendly Act in thee to carry a Brief about the Country to repair the Losses of thy poor Friend. Is it not evident to all the World, that I am still hem'd in by Lewis Baboon? is he not just upon my Borders? [And so he will be if I Purchase a thousand Acres more, unless he gets some Body betwixt them.] I tell thee Friend John thou hast Flatterers, that persuade thee that thou art a Man of Business; do not believe them: If thou would'st still leave thy Affairs in my Hands. thou should'st see how handsomly I would deal by thee. That ever thou should'st be dazzled with the enchanted Islands, and Mountains of Gold, that old Lewis promises thee! 'Dswounds! Why dost thou not lay out thy Money to Purchase a Place at Court, of honest Israel? I tell thee, thou must not so much as think of a Composition. [Not think of a Composition, that's hard indeed; I can't help thinking of it, if I would.] Thou complain'st of want of Money, let thy Wife and Daughter burn the God Lace upon their Petticoats, sell thy fat Cattle; retrench but a Sirloin of Beef, and a Peck-Loaf in a Week from thy gormandizing Guts. [Retrench my Beef, a Dog! Retrench my Beef! then it is plain the Rascal has an ill Design upon me, he would starve me.] Mortgage thy Manor of *Bullocks Hatch*, or Pawn thy Crop for Ten Year. [A Rogue! Part with my Country Seat, my Patrimony, all that I have left in the World, I'll see him hang'd first.] Why hast thou chang'd thy Attorney? Can any Man manage thy Cause better for thee? [Very pleasant! because a Man has a good Attorney, he must never make an End of his Law-Suit.] Ah John, John, I wish thou knevest thy own Mind: Thou art as fickle as the Wind. I tell

tell thee thou hadst better let this Composition alone, or leave it to thy Loving Friend, *Nic. Frog*
C H A P. X.

Of some extraordinary Things that pass'd at the Salutation Tavern, in the Conference between Bull, Frog, Esq^r, South, and Lewis Baboon.

F*Rog* had given his Word, that he would meet the above mention'd Company at the Salutation, to talk of this Agreement; tho' he durst not directly break his Appointment, he made many a shuffling Excuse; one time he pretended to be seized with the Gout in his right Knee; then he got a great Cold, that had struck him deaf of one Ear; afterwards two of his Coach-Horses fell sick, and he durst not go by Water, for fear of catching an Ague. *John* would take no Excuse but hurry'd him away: Come *Nic.* (*says he*) let's go and hear at least what this old Fellow has to propose; I hope there's no hurt in that. Be it so (*quoth Nic.*) but if I catch any harm, woe be to you; my Wife and Children will curse you as long as they live. When they were come to the Salutation, *John* concluded all was sure then, and that he shou'd be troubled no more with Law affairs; he thought every Body as plain and sincere as he was. Well Neighbours (*quoth he*) let's now make an end of all Matters, and live peaceably together for the time to come; if every body is as well inclin'd as I, we shall quickly come to the upshot of our Affair: And so pointing to *Frog* to say something, to the great surprize of all the Company. *Frog* was seiz'd with a dead Palsy in the Tongue. *John* began to ask him some plain Questions, and hoop'd and hollow'd in his Ear. *John Bull*, Let's come to the Point, *Nic* Who would'st thou have to be the Lord *Strutt*? Would'st thou have *Philip Baboon*? *Nic.* shook his head and said nothing. *John Bull* Wilt thou then have *Esquire South* to be Lord *Strutt*? *Nic.* shook his Head a second time. *John Bull*. Then who the Devil wilt thou have? say something or anothers. *Nic.* open'd his Mouth, and pointed to his Tongue, and cry'd A, a, a, a! which was as much as to say, he could not speak. *John Bull*. Shall I serve *Philip Baboon* with
Broad

Broad cloth, and accept of the Composition that he
 offers, with the Liberty of his Parks and Fishponds?
 Then *Nic.* roar'd like a Bull, O, o, o, o! *John Bull.*
 If thou wilt not let me have them, wilt thou take
 them thy self? Then *Nic.* grin'd, cackled and laugh'd,
 till he was like to kill himself, and seem'd to be so
 pleas'd, that he fell a frisking and dancing about the
 room. *John Bull.* Shall I leave all this Matter to thy
 Management, *Nic.* and go about my Business? Then *Nic.*
 got up a Glass, and drank to *John*, shaking him by the
 Hand till he had like to have shook his shoulder out of
 Joint. *John Bull.* I understand thee, *Nic.* but I shall
 make thee speak before I go. Then *Nic.* put his Finger in
 his Cheek, and made him cry *Buck*, which was as much
 as to say, I care not a Farthing for thee. *John Bull.*
 I have done *Nic.* If thou wilt not speak, I'll make my own
 Terms with old *Lewis* here. Then *Nic.* loll'd out his
 Tongue, and turn'd up his Bumm to him; which was
 as much as to say, Kiss——. *John* perceiving that *Frog*
 would not speak, turns to old *Lewis*: Since we cannot
 make this obstinate Fellow speak, *Lewis* pray condescend a
 little to his Humour, and set down thy meaning upon Paper,
 that he may answer it in another Scrap. I am infinitely
 sorry (quoeth *Lewis*) that it happens so unfortunately; for
 playing a little at Cudgels y other Day, a Fellow has given
 me such a Rap over the Right Arm, that I am quite Lame;
 I have lost the Use of my Forefinger and Thumb, so that I
 cannot hold my Pen. *John Bull.* That's all one, let me
 write for you. *Lewis.* But I have a Misfortune, that I
 cannot read any bodies hand but my own. *John Bull.* Try
 what you can do with your Left Hand. *Lewis.* That's
 impossible; it will make such a Scrawl, that it will not be
 legible. As they were talking of this Matter, in came
 Esquire *South* all drest up in Feathers and Ribbons,
 stark staring mad, brandishing his Sword, as if he
 would have cut off their Heads; crying, Room, room,
 for the grand Esquire of the World! the Flower of
 Squires! What, cover'd in my Presence; I'll crush your
 souls, and crack you like Lice! With that he had like to
 have struck *John Bull's* Hat into the Fire; but *John*,
 who was pretty strong fisted, gave him such a Squeeze,

as made his Eyes Water. He went on still in his mad Pranks; When I am Lord of the Universe, the Sun shall prostrate and adore me! Thou, Frog, shalt be my Bailiff; Lewis my Taylor, and thou, John Bull, shalt be my Fool! All this while Frog laugh'd in his Sleeve, gave the Esquire a Noggan of Brandy, and clapp'd him on the Back which made him ten times madder. Poor John stood in amaze, talking thus to himself: Well John thou art got into rare Company! One has a dumb Devil: other a mad Devil, and the third a Spirit of Infirmitie. An honest Man has a fine time on't amongst such Rogues. What art thou asking of them after all? Some mighty Boon one would think! Only to sit quietly at thy own Fireside. 'sdeath, what have I to do with such Fellows! John Bull after all his Losses and Crosses can live better without them, than they can without him. Would to God I liv'd a thousand Leagues off them: But the Devil's in't: John Bull is in, and John Bull must get out as well as he can. As he was talking to himself, he observ'd Frog and Old Lewis edging towards one another to Whisper; so that John was forced to sit with his Arms a-kimbo, to keep them asunder. Some People advis'd John to Blood Frog under the Tongue, or take away his Breast and Butter, which would certainly make him speak; to give Esquire South Hellebore; as for Lewis, some were for emollient Poltass, others for opening his Arm with an Incision knife.

I could not obtain from Sir Humphry, at this time, a Copy of John's Letter, which he sent to his Nephew by the young Necromancer; wherein he advises him not to eat Butter, Ham, and drink Old Hock in a Morning, with the Esquire and Frog, for fear of giving him a four Breath.

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